



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,408.

OIL AND PHILANTHROPY.

On the day following the interesting discussion by young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class of the Christian qualifications of the successful business man the Standard Oil Company raised the price of oil one cent. Last Friday there had been an advance of half a cent, so that the consumer will now be called on to pay 12 cents a gallon for what but recently cost 10 1-2.

It isn't much; no householder will suffer any deprivation of luxuries as a result. A couple of eggs the less or a few slices of bacon curtailed and the extra expense entailed will be met. Of course, with similar economies necessitated by dearer meat, dearer canned goods, dearer clothes—with nearly everything the householder uses costing more, there will be some grumbling; but consider the opportunities of philanthropy which this slight tax on oil will afford the elder Rockefeller!

The amount of refined oil marketed by the Standard Company in 1902 was 2,337,000,000 gallons, which at a cent and a half additional a gallon will return an extra income of \$35,055,000! Now, in 1900, out of the Standard's yearly dividends of \$48,000,000 Mr. Rockefeller received \$14,880,000. His proportionate share of the \$35,055,000 thus arbitrarily extorted from consumers will amount to about \$11,000,000. What possibilities of benevolent expenditure there are in this vast mass of millions!

What gifts may be made from it for Christian charity, for mission houses, hospitals, universities; what application of funds for the betterment of society and the elevation of the human race! The golden stream of princely gratuity will percolate into thousands of humble homes. Shall they cherish a feeling of discontent that they have been forced to make a small and unwilling contribution to it?

The methods of the Christian business man are seen in their most concrete form in the Standard Oil corporation. This trust, the parent of successive mergers and still the unique example of a perfect monopoly, has for years pursued a consistent policy. As a corporation it has amassed millions by the ruin of rivals, the crushing of competition and the defiance of national law. But through its individual members of it has devoted much of its great wealth to good works, distributing millions where private philanthropy had before halted at thousands.

Its officers are successful business men and men of religious life as well. They are quite within young Mr. Rockefeller's category.

Yet human nature is such that there are doubting Thomases even in the young teacher's Sunday-school class.

A CITY TRAGEDY.

How many other furnished-room "homes" are there in this city in which a young and refined woman like Maud Blanche Hayes is "battling hourly against poverty" and postponing for a little while by untiring effort the inevitable approach of illness and destitution and despondency?

It is these "gentle poor" of high aims and hopes unrealized in art or literature that the cruel carelessness of the great city crushes. They came from country homes to strive for a fame that is attained only by the fortunate few. The many whose fate is failure struggle with a persistence that is pathetic against hardship and neglect. Some pay in the end for food and creature comforts for their womanhood. It is among these that the man-about-town with a ready "roll" finds his victims. It is a sacrificial not rare, as the news columns from time to time show, and the pity is that it should be made as the price of bare existence in the scene of the blighted hopes of ambitious girlhood.

The wisdom of city experience is a better appreciation of the advantages of village life for the defeated—of friendly companionship, neighborly assistance and community of interests which the loneliness of the city forbids. It is humdrum, but it brings better returns than the glamour of the metropolis.

WALL STREET LOSSES.

The gross earnings of the nation's railways for 1902 are given at \$1,726,380,267. It is an aggregation of income which the mind is powerless to conceive adequately.

But the vastness of the figures serves an interesting use for comparison because it very closely represents the shrinkage in value of 100 industrial stocks as shown by The World's figures. That is to say, between the highest market quotations for these stocks within the past three years and the lowest for the current month there is a difference or decrease of \$1,753,959,793! No more striking object-lesson can be given of the far-reaching extent of the loss of public confidence in industrialists for which over-capitalization and reckless market manipulation has been responsible.

An idea is had of the extent of the speculation in industrialists by the report of the United States Steel Corporation that it has 98,000 stockholders on its books. This is nearly one-eighth of all the railroad stockholders in the country, and as the showing of one industrial company it is eloquent of the immense popularity of such stocks among investors.

The distribution of doubt to so many homes by the fall of the shares of one company gives a new notion of the meaning to the nation of Wall street values.

NEW WORK OF OLD MASTERS.

At an uptown auction room this week the public will be afforded an opportunity of acquiring a line of post-mortem canvases by old masters unique in the history of painting.

Hands that in life executed masterpieces now of priceless value were by the persuasion of a compelling will set to work anew in the spirit world for the composition of other legacies to their fame. A comparison of their later work with that of their prime will prove instructive.

How it is with painters we do not know, but somehow the work of the spirit photographer is never up to the average of the output of his mortal life. Nor do poets in such conditions equal the products on which their worldly reputation rests.

When a Shakespeare appears in the cabinet with a message we miss in his disjointed sentences the literary art of "Hamlet." Perhaps he did not talk as well as he composed. There was Goldsmith, who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Pol. Of him ornate utterance in the medium's room could not be expected. But in a Webster or a Beecher the falling off cannot thus be accounted for.

The Misadventures of Archie ♦ ♦ ♦ Edith's Papa Makes More Trouble.

EDITH LOVED THOSE EYES OF BLUE

HER PRAISES NEVER LACK.

BUT PAPA LIKES THOSE BLUE EYES BEST—WHEN THOSE BLUE EYES ARE BLACK



Weather-Wise and Other Lies.

The Oldest Inhabitant Discusses Warm Winters and Sentimental Ships.

"GOOD MORNING, gentlemen," said the Sparrow Cop as the Oldest Inhabitant and the Forty-niner strolled into the park and took their seats on the bench facing the fountain. "Fine weather, ain't it?" "Yes," said the Oldest Inhabitant; "minds me of a stretch of weather we had here 'bout thirty year ago. It never snowed ner got cold until long in March. Winter that year was just like summer. Never needed no overcoat an' could go swimmin' in December. Reason I 'member it so well was 'cause it was that year that I took my last voyage on the Mary Jane, the best whaler that ever sailed out o' Bedford. Mary Jane was human, she was. Died o' broken heart, 'y' might say. We'd sailed held the record for whalin'—allers brought in the biggest cargo o' oil o' any vessel out o' Bedford. When we came in that year we put in to New York fer some supplies before goin' on to 'Bardford an' we got word that the 'Bardford Griggs had brought home thirty-eight more barrels than we did. Well, sir, I 'read th' report out loud t' the crew on the deck o' the Mary Jane down there at the wharf, an' we started figgerin' on goin' back to get more oil before goin' home t' Bedford, but we came to the conclusion it wa'n't no use, as folks down t' Bedford would hear 'bout our 'toughin' here. Well, sir, just as we gave up th' notion an' decided on goin' home the Mary Jane quivered all over an' began t' sink. We scrambled out, an' she sank right there at the wharf. When they tried t' raise her she fell all apart, an' 'twas all we could do t' get th' oil out. Seemed as though she jest gave up an' fell t' pieces when she heard she'd bin beat by the 'Bardford Griggs. Yes, sir, ships is human."

"Talk 'bout goin' swimmin' in December," said the Forty-niner. "I had an experience of that kind once that was certainly cu-reous. It was a warm winter, an' jest fer fun I went in swimmin' one mornin' 'bout Christmas, an' whilst I was in the water th' weather changed suddenly an' th' water froze afore I could get out. Well, sir, they said to saw a great big chunk o' ice out an' melt the ice. A funny thing that, though. I've never had a touch o' roomation since that inter. 'Aint either of you gents heard Dowdie talk about lars, have you?" asked the Sparrow Cop.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

A "HOLD-OVER."
"I met Kernal Kaintuck a month ago and he was drunk, and I just met him up the street and he's drunk again."
"No, not 'again,' yet."—Houston Post.

HIS ONE MISTAKE.
"He has always prided himself on his ability to size up a woman's character and disposition."
"Yes, he only made a mistake once."
"Just before he was married."—Catholic Standard.

WINGED TRUTHS.
"Br'er Williams, how does you expect de gospel ter fly ef you don't give her wings?"
"Br'er Thomas," replied Brother Williams, "I don't want de gospel ter fly so fur dat I can't keep up wid it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

BUSILY ENGAGED.
Maud—Is Millie engaged?
May—Yes, indeed. Engaged in trying.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FORECLOSED.
"I see you have chicken for dinner."
"Yes," said Mr. Eraser Pinyay. "I hope you bought the chicken."
"Well, no; but de transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been roostin' on my fence foh months, wif-out payin' nuffin, an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to foreclose."—Washington Star.

NOT VERY MUCH.
Magistrate—Did I understand you to say the prisoner offered resistance when you attempted to place him under arrest?
Policeman—None worth mentioning, Your Honor. Only a couple o' dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

NATURALLY.
"D'Auber is home from his trip to the Rocky Mountains, isn't he? What sort of time did he have?" "Oh! he spent most of his time making sketches of the mountains. He showed me a lot of them." "How were they? Natural?" "Well, er—they're certainly rocky."—Philadelphia Press.

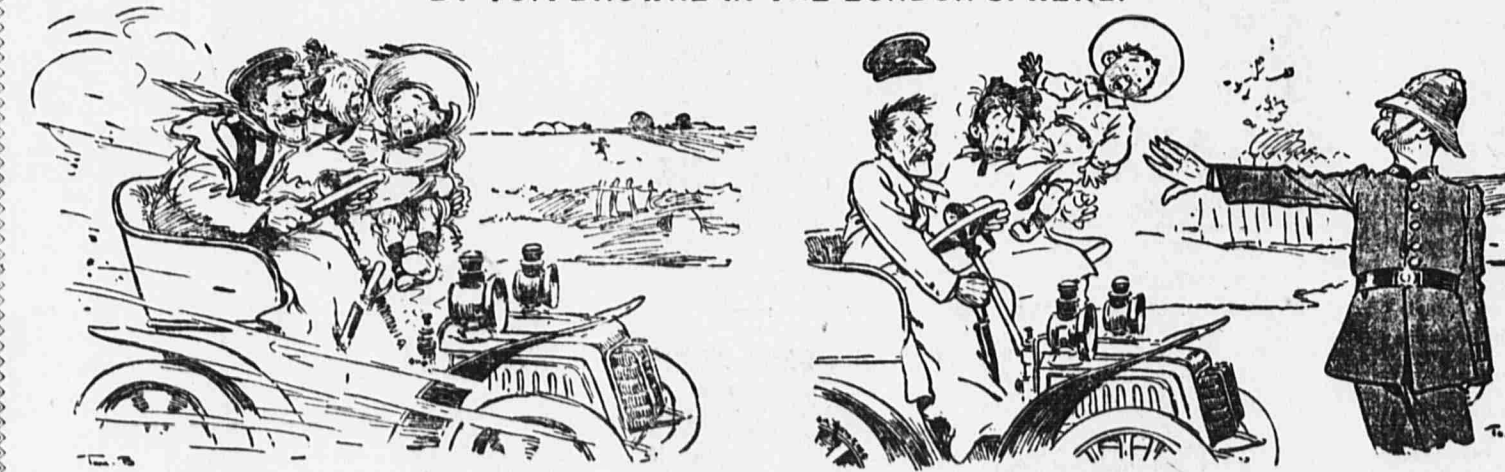
The Woman No Man Will Marry.

The Advanced Darling Who Spends Her Young Life at the Clubs.



The Engine-Driver's Holiday.

BY TOM BROWNE IN THE LONDON SPHERE.



"Wot O, Maria! This is a bit of all right. Ninety miles an hour and no blinking signals!"

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Back-Number Schoolbooks.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Why does the Board of Education permit the use of obsolete geographies in the public schools? Among the many antiquated data furnished by a copy in use by my young daughter is an item on page seven which gives the population of New York City as 1,515,000. Another has Utah still as a Territory, and entire pages abound with the superannuated information of a decade ago. Has the world progressed in the last ten years? If so, why not give our children new books containing at least accurate information?
JOHN DOOLEY.

People's Choral Union.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
I have read several inquiries on "How may I obtain singing lessons?" Address the secretary of People's Choral Union, 41 University place. The classes opened Sunday, Oct. 4, in various parts of the city, including Beethoven Hall, No. 110 Fifth street, and St. Bartholomew's, No. 209 East Forty-second street.
GEORGE WAGNER.

No. Champion Only of America.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?
J. O. O.

He Should Wear a Frock Coat.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
A says that a frock coat should be worn at an afternoon wedding by the bridegroom. B says that a Tuxedo is proper. Which is correct?
E. L. P.

Monday.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
On what day of the week did Oct. 8, 1871, fall?
M. J. E.

Heroic Measures.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
"M. M. C." of Point Pleasant, N. J., writes to ask what he can do to get nerve enough to call on a lady friend. My advice is: Get a policeman to take you there. Goodness me! If you were my gentleman friend I would come after you.
LUCY B.

Emerald Is May Birthstone.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
What is the birthstone for the month of May?
S. P. W.

Black and White Are Not Colors.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Are black and white colors?
TECHNICAL SCHOOL PUPIL.

Open Sunday from 1 P. M. to a Half Hour Before Sunset.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Is the Metropolitan Museum of Art open on Sunday?
YOUNG LADIES.

Another Car Complaint.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
On a recent rainy morning I came downtown to business on a Second avenue car, and when the car arrived at the bridge, to my surprise the conductor called: "All out," notwithstanding the fact that the storm was at its height, and the protests of the three people remaining in the car (all ladies), who expected to be taken to the Post-Office. I told the conductor that we should be taken down to the Post-Office, but he smiled sarcastically, and said: "If you don't get off I will take you up town, as that is where this car is going." Before I had a chance to think he pulled the bell, and the car was flying uptown again. After taking me more than a block out of my way he condescended to stop the car and let me off close to an excavation.
A WOMAN SUFFERER.

Saturday.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
On what day of the week did Oct. 5, 1872, fall?
W. J.

Apply to Bureau of Vital Statistics.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
How can I find out if my son is married or not?
A. C. R.



Old Senators and Young Wives.

"SEE that another of the Santa Clauses of the United States Senate has gone and got married," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Why not?" asked the Man Higher Up. "Don't the Scriptures say that it is not good for man to be alone? You don't find any description of the kind of man that ought not to be alone, do you? There isn't any reason why a man with gray whiskers should go through what he has got left of life making up his own laundry list just because he has got gray whiskers."

"Senators Depew, Platt and Stewart have done the right thing. Depew led the way, and it was a cinch that some of the other old boys of the Senate would fall into line. When a man gets to an age where he has to go through a system of physical exercises to button his collar in the back he begins to yearn for somebody to keep him company."

"This is especially true in the case of a widower. A confirmed bachelor gets so used to playing a lone domestic hand that age don't faze him. But you take an old widower in public life and he is lonelier than Robinson Crusoe."

"His children are all married and scattered around. If he has got a home it is like living in a lumber yard to stay in it, even though it be filled with servants. The best old guy can do is sit around some hotel and talk with similarly situated antediluvians about the civil war or kindred live subjects."

"You hear a lot of discussion about the old Senators picking out young wives. Is there any reason why they should go to the Old Ladies' Home to choose a partner? The elderly seeker after matrimonial happiness is track broken as a general thing. He may be a score of years over fifty, but he don't show it, and he is only as old as he feels. He would be billing himself as a candidate for the funny house if he roped and branded with his name a female who hadn't a tooth in her head and wore a wig."

"The papers say that one of Senator Stewart's daughters travelled all the way from Hot Springs to Washington to stop his marriage, but she got there too late. That is one reason why, when a graybeard takes a wife late in life, he does it with surprising suddenness. He knows that there is going to be opposition on the part of his children, so he plays the leading part in what practically amounts to an elopement."

"There is no reason why a man competent to run a political campaign and hold his job in the United States Senate shouldn't be competent to take care of a wife. It is better for an aged, lonesome statesman to be married than to be writing goo-goo letters to some giddy young thing who may happen to become acquainted with a lawyer."

"They can't expect to live very long to enjoy married life," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Maybe they don't," replied the Man Higher Up, "but you know the sign over Foley's Grove: 'Enjoy life while you live, for you'll be a long time dead.'"

Tree that Grows Dishes.

There is a tree in the West Indies that the natives call "grows dishes!" It looks like an apple tree. They call it the calabash. It bears very queer leaves and large white blossoms that grow right from the trunk and larger branches. After the flower comes the fruit, just as our apples or peaches do. But this fruit is in the shape of a gourd, only stronger and much larger, sometimes a foot in diameter.

Now, see what a use the people of that country make of this fruit. The shell is so hard that all sorts of big and little dishes and drinking cups can be carved out of it. Even pots and kettles are made and used over the fire, but, of course, they cannot last as long as our iron ones.

Infallible Finger Marks.

By means of dirty finger marks he had left on a window frame, George Hall, arrested for a burglary in Kingston, England, was identified as the author of another at Wimbledon. Enlarged photographs of the finger prints were produced in court at the Surrey Sessions the other day by Detective-Sergeant Collins, who explained that there were fourteen points of resemblance. He had made thousands of "Recognitions," said the officer, and he had never known one where, three points agreeing, the others had negative the identification.

Odd Radium Facts.

Prof. Curie now announces the amazing fact that the change in the rate of heat emission of radium is exactly in the comparatively short distance of absolute zero is exactly in the opposite direction to what might be expected in view of the effect of low temperatures on ordinary chemical action, for at the temperature necessary to liquefy hydrogen, the greatest cold yet secured by scientists, the heat emission of radium, instead of being reduced, is augmented.